

LENNARD J. STIBBLE: COME ON DOWN!

PROG 407
2 MAR 85

24p
EARTH MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

LENN'S 43, HE'S A KNEEPAD
SALESMAN, HAPPILY SINGLE...

...AND THE NEXT
VICTIM OF **THE
HUNTERS CLUB!**

BRETT
EWINS

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS

2000 AD is brought to you by The Mighty Tharg - alien editor and inspiration supreme of the galaxy's greatest comic! To commemorate the start of my new thrill-powered *Judge Dredd* story, *The Hunters Club*, I have decided to program selected works of art in honour of the future lawman. This prog contains a gallery of Earthlet Computer Art devoted to Joe Dredd - an example of the creative ways in which Terrans use their machines. It also contains, on the back page, a reassuring vid-seam issued by Mega-City One's Justice Dept. - an example of the creative way in which I, Tharg the Artistic Genius, use my machines! The Terrans whose work I have printed will each receive a magnificent reward; the droid whose work I have printed will receive a Rigellian Hotshot for not signing his name neatly enough. Truly has it been neatly written: "JUSTICE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER"!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Earthlet Richard Kan,
London. £10 Winner.



VOTE FOR CUTS

O Mighty One,

Every week you encourage readers to desecrate their progs by cutting out the voting coupon from the Nerve Centre page. I realise it is important to find out just what people think of each prog, but surely there is some other way...perhaps we could vote on the back of our letters, or on a separate piece of paper. From Earthlet Dave Kelly, Broadstairs. £5 Winner.

Your votes are indeed important to me, Terran. A separate piece of paper, however, is perfectly acceptable as long as it's about the same size as the voting coupon, and thus the right size for my computer.

WARLOCK IN HEADLINE HORROR!

O Mightiest of Aliens,

While scanning through some back copies of a Terran magazine called 'New Scientist' I saw a headline reading *NEMESIS DIES!*...horrors! When I read the article I found it referred, not to the Warlock, but to a non-existent star. I enclose a copy of it for your omniscient attention (Thank you - Tharg.). I also respectfully request a Rigellian Hotshot for the staff of 'New Scientist' for allowing such a shocking headline to be printed.

From shocked Earthlette Sue Birchmore, Birmingham. £5 Winner.

The Rigellian Hotshot is on its way. However, I suspect the 'New Scientist' droid only wrote the headline after reading *Nemesis* in Prog 402 - at the end of which the Warlock appeared to be executed. Watch out for the current issue of 'New Scientist' with the headline *PURITY LIKES SMELLY RO-JAWS*.

DYNAMIC DREDD



Drawn by Earthlet Matthew
Hume, Luton. £10 Winner.

FUTURE FUTURE SHOCKS

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

Why is it we only see your Future Shocks every now and again, eh? I really like them because they make me think a lot, so please put some more into your great comic.

From Earthlet Stephen Sliver, Glasgow. £5 Winner.

My Future Shocks are rare simply because the droids who help to create them spend a lot of time ensuring they are truly zarjaz and thought-provoking. Fear not, however; there are plenty of shocks in store!

HIGHER EDUCATION

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

I just wanted to tell you that not all teachers are bad when it comes to your cosmic comic. My own teacher, Mr Cramer, shares great enjoyment with me in reading, collecting and discussing 2000AD.

From Earthlet Andrew Turk, Middlesex. £5 Winner.

It is truly rare to hear of a teacher who is not infested with the dreaded thrill-suckers. Do any other students find such favourable comment from the Terrans in charge of their education? I think I should be told.

OH, THAT GUNNARI

Hi Tharg,

A bit of useless info for your data banks...did you know that "Gunnar", the name of *Rogue Trooper's* buddy, is also the name of a great warrior - highly skilled in battle and diplomacy - in "Njarlssaga", the great Viking epic written around 1200 AD, only 800 years off your own 2000 AD?

From Earthlet Ian Robinson, Birmingham. £5 Winner.

Yes I did.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **407**

ONE MONTH OUT:

HELLO,
TOBY. WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I FINALLY GOT
AN APPOINTMENT
WITH THE
CYBERNETICIST.
GONNA REPLACE
MY OLD AUDIAL
MEMORY SPOOLS.
HOW ABOUT YOU?

I'M GOING DOWN
TO TALK TO KIT FOR
A WHILE IN THE
NAVIGATION
CHAMBER.
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE
REALLY LUCKY.
CYBERNETICIST
NINEGOLD CAN REPLACE
MY MEMORY SPOOLS
ANY TIME HE
LIKES.

LUCKY?

YEAH, WELL,
IT'S GOOD BEING OUT
HERE WITH YOU... BUT I
AIN'T GETTIN' MUCH
EXERCISE DOIN' THIS
SECURITY WORK...

DON'T
COMPLAIN.
ANYTHING
FOR A DULL
LIFE. I'LL
SEE YOU
AROUND.

NAVIGATION AREA
RESTRICTED ACCESS

KIT?

TRITTIK
KITRITTIK-
TIRIK?

HEY, KIT?
WHERE...?

COME IN
AND SHUT DOOR.
PLEASE, OR I BLOW
YOUR SKULL TO
PIECES.

CHICK

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER

COMPU-73

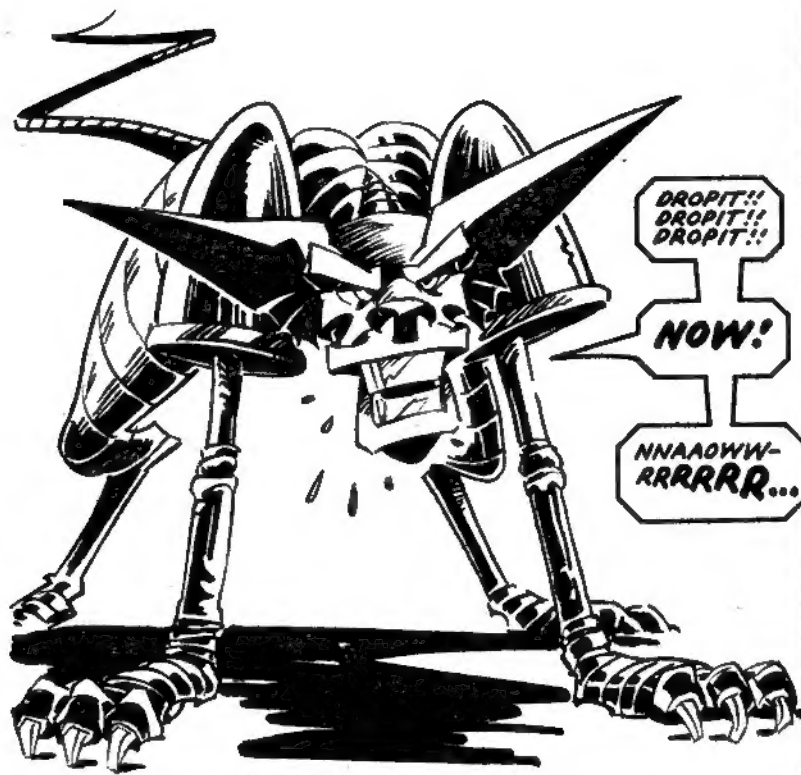
2: EXERCISING THE DOG

The Ballad Of

HAL
JONES









NEXT PROG: I'LL NEVER FORGET WHATSIZNAME

MEGA CITY 1, MELCHESTER ROVERS 2!

YOU can score with



ROY OF THE ROVERS

The Comic that's Top of the League for Football!

8 FANTASTIC FOOTBALL STORIES!

A super CENTRE SPREAD COLOUR PICTURE, featuring a different soccer star, including his signature . . . every week!

A CALL OF THE WEEK feature, in which you can ring ROY OF THE ROVERS direct and give your views on Roy's publication — or ask a question for ROY'S TALK-IN pages!

A QUIZ, an hilarious JOKE page and, most weeks, a great GOAL page!

£3

goes to the senders of all published JOKES, TALK-IN letters, SIGN PLEASE and GOAL requests, plus CALL OF THE WEEK winners!



ON SALE EVERY SATURDAY!

BAD VIBRATIONS

SUB-SPACE COMMUNICATION ++
PRIORITY 1 URGENT

PROCEED DIRECTLY TO WILSON'S
WORLD.
CONTACT WITH COLONISATION
PARTY LOST THREE WEEKS AGO.

INVESTIGATE AND REPORT BACK.

FOUR DAYS LATER, THE "SOLAR SURFER"
PASSES LOW OVER WILSON'S WORLD...



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN HEBDEN
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
TOM FRANK
COMPU-73e

CAPTAIN WHITE CLOUD TO ALL CREW.
IT APPEARS THE SETTLERS OF THIS
PLANET HAVE CROAKED!

WE'RE GOING DOWN
TO INVESTIGATE!





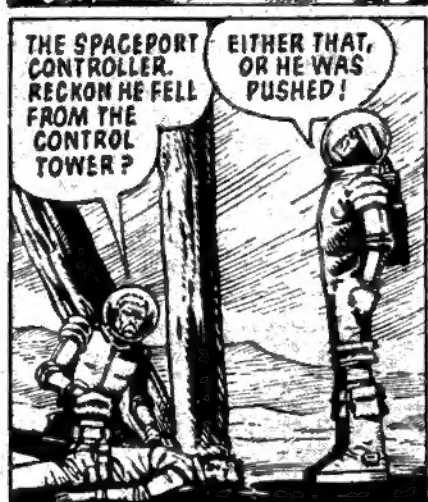
I DON'T GET IT, CAPTAIN. THE PLANET WAS PASSED A-1 FOR COLONISATION.



SOMETHING HAPPENED HERE. RUN THE ATMOSPHERIC AND BIOLOGICAL TESTS AGAIN BEFORE WE GO OUTSIDE.



LATER - TESTS STILL SAY THERE'S NOTHING POISONOUS OR INFECTIOUS OUT THERE. BUT CARRY YOUR BEAMERS JUST IN CASE.



THE SPACEPORT CONTROLLER. RECKON HE FELL FROM THE CONTROL TOWER?

EITHER THAT, OR HE WAS PUSHED!



IN THE SETTLEMENT ITSELF -

HEAD-ON COLLISIONS EVERYWHERE!

IT'S AS IF THE DRIVERS DID IT ON PURPOSE!



FOUND THESE CATTLE ALIVE AND WELL, CAPTAIN.

SOMETHING STINKS ABOUT WILSON'S WORLD. I WANT TO HEAR THE DOG'S REPORT.

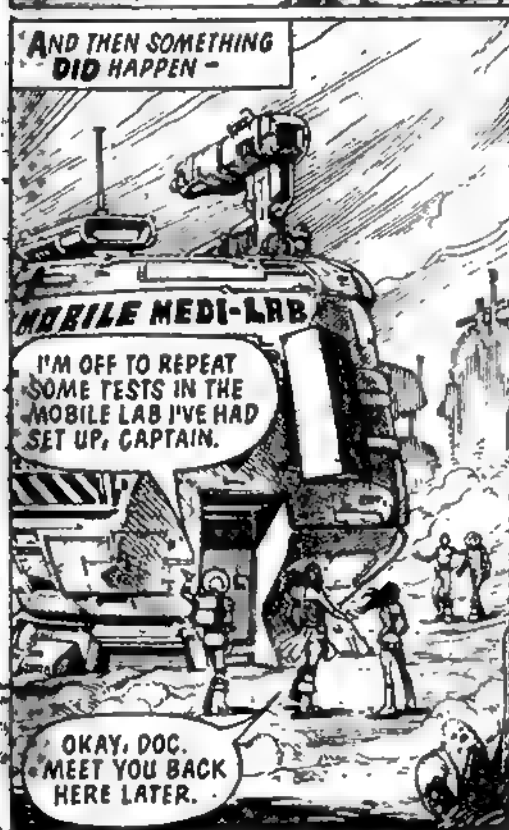
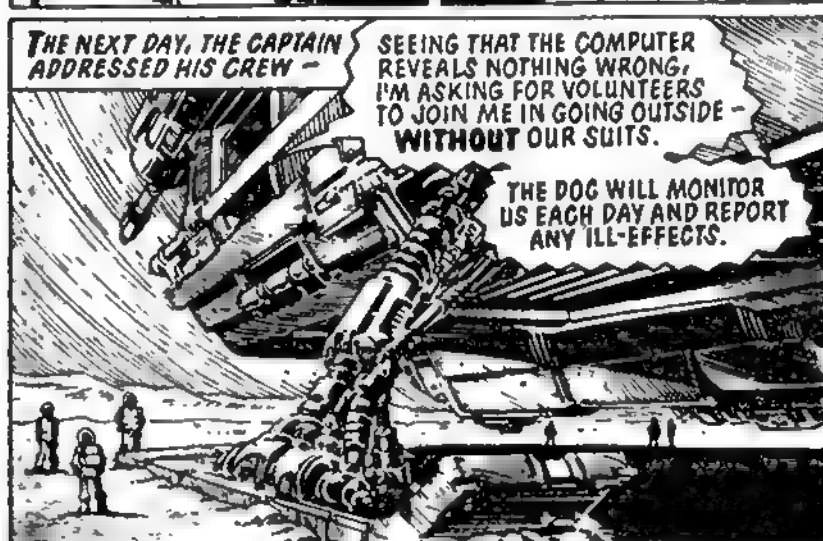


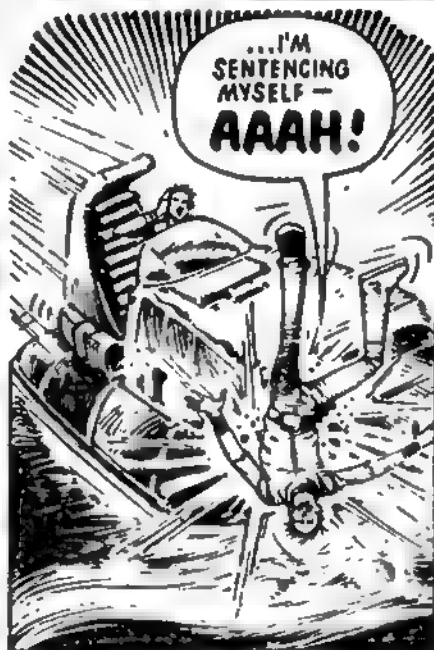
BACK ON BOARD THE "SOLAR SURFER" -

HOW THE SETTLERS DIED IS EASY. HALF OF THEM WERE MURDERED - THE OTHER HALF KILLED THEMSELVES!



IN OTHER WORDS, THE SETTLEMENT WENT MAD AND CAUSED ITS OWN DOWNFALL!







YOU CAN'T HAVE BEEN AFFECTED! YOU WERE STILL SUITED UP!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I FOUND OUT WHAT CAUSES PEOPLE ON THIS PLANET TO FIGHT...IT WAS TOO MUCH TO FACE!



WHAAT? TELL ME - OR I'LL KILL YOU!

IT'S TAKING HIM OVER! HE'S CH-CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF ME...!



THE MADNESS IS CAUSED BY TH-THE WIND...



THE W-WIND... UUUHN!



WHAT HAVE I DONE? GOT TO MAKE SURE THE CREW GET AWAY SAFELY... WITHOUT ME - A KILLER!



THIS IS THE CAPTAIN! L-LEAVE NOW. T-TELL CONTROL THE DANGER IS IN THE WIND... IN THE WIND!



MOMENTS LATER -

FWOOSH!

GALACTIC SURVEY REPORT++
WILSON'S WORLD ++

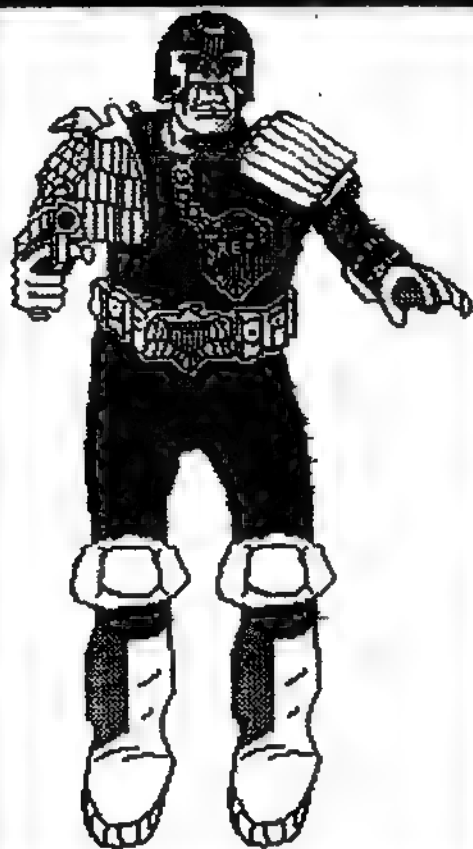
FURTHER TESTS FROM ORBIT CONFIRM THAT WINDS ON PLANET SURFACE RESONATE AT SAME WAVELENGTH AS HUMAN BRAIN, DISRUPTING MENTAL CONTROL CENTRES AND LEADING TO HOMICIDAL AND SUICIDAL BEHAVIOUR.
CONCLUSION: WILSON'S WORLD LETHAL TO ALL SETTLERS.

RECOMMENDATION:
DESTRUCTION OF PLANET.

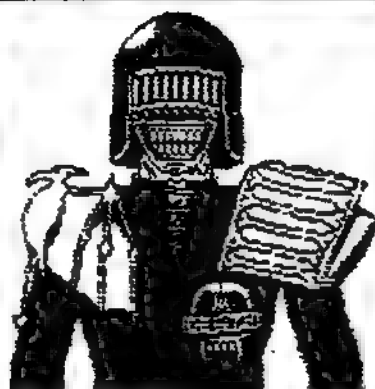
THE END.

MICRO MAGIC

Got a home computer, Earthlet? Then get on line – and see if you can program zarjaz works of art like these. The Command Module awaits your digital designs!



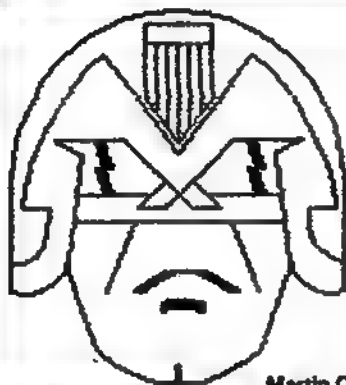
Programmed by Earthlet Andrew Young, Mitcham.



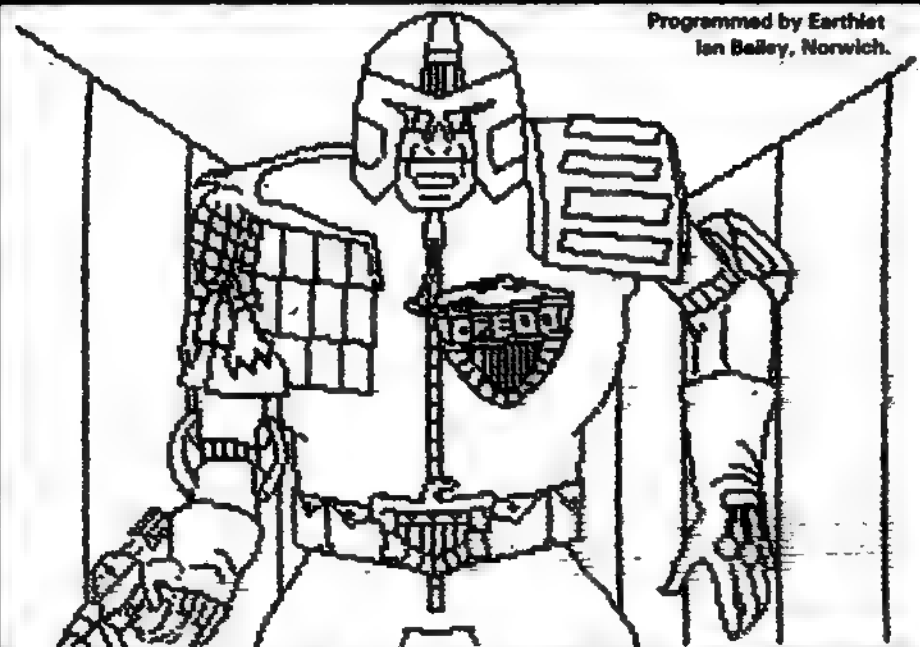
Programmed by Earthlet
Stephen Marriott, Northampton.



Programmed by
Earthlet Cliff Carter, Leamington Spa.



Programmed
by Earthlet
Martin Quinn, Co. Louth.

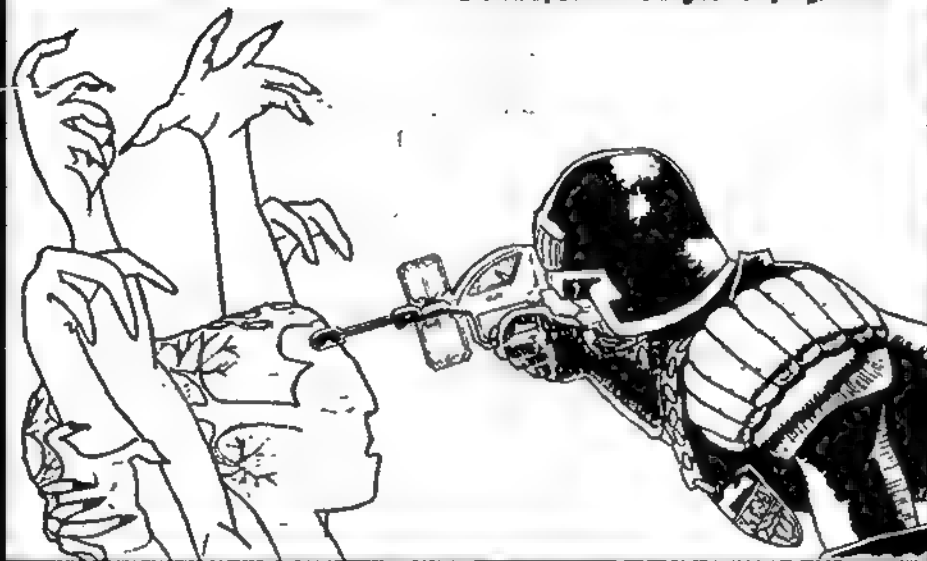


Programmed by Earthlet
Ian Bailey, Norwich.

EACH MICRO FEATURED HERE WINS £5!

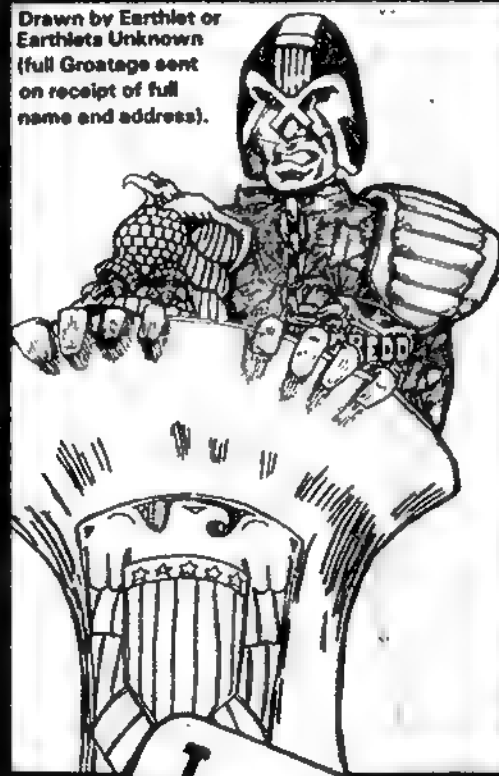
...AND PENCIL POWER!

Drawn by Earthlet Douglas Campling, Oxford.



Not got a home computer, Earthlet? No problem—the manual creations on this page prove that you don't need high technology to draw the face of the future. The Mighty Tharg awaits your scrotnig sketches!

Drawn by Earthlet or Earthlets Unknown (full Groatage sent on receipt of full name and address).



Drawn by Earthlet Alan Fosberry, Houghton-Le-Spring.



Drawn by Earthlet Stuart Berrow, Ipswich.

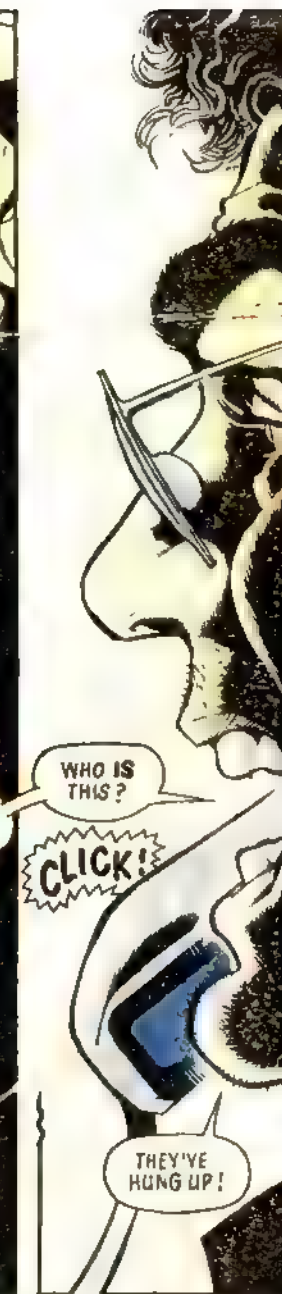
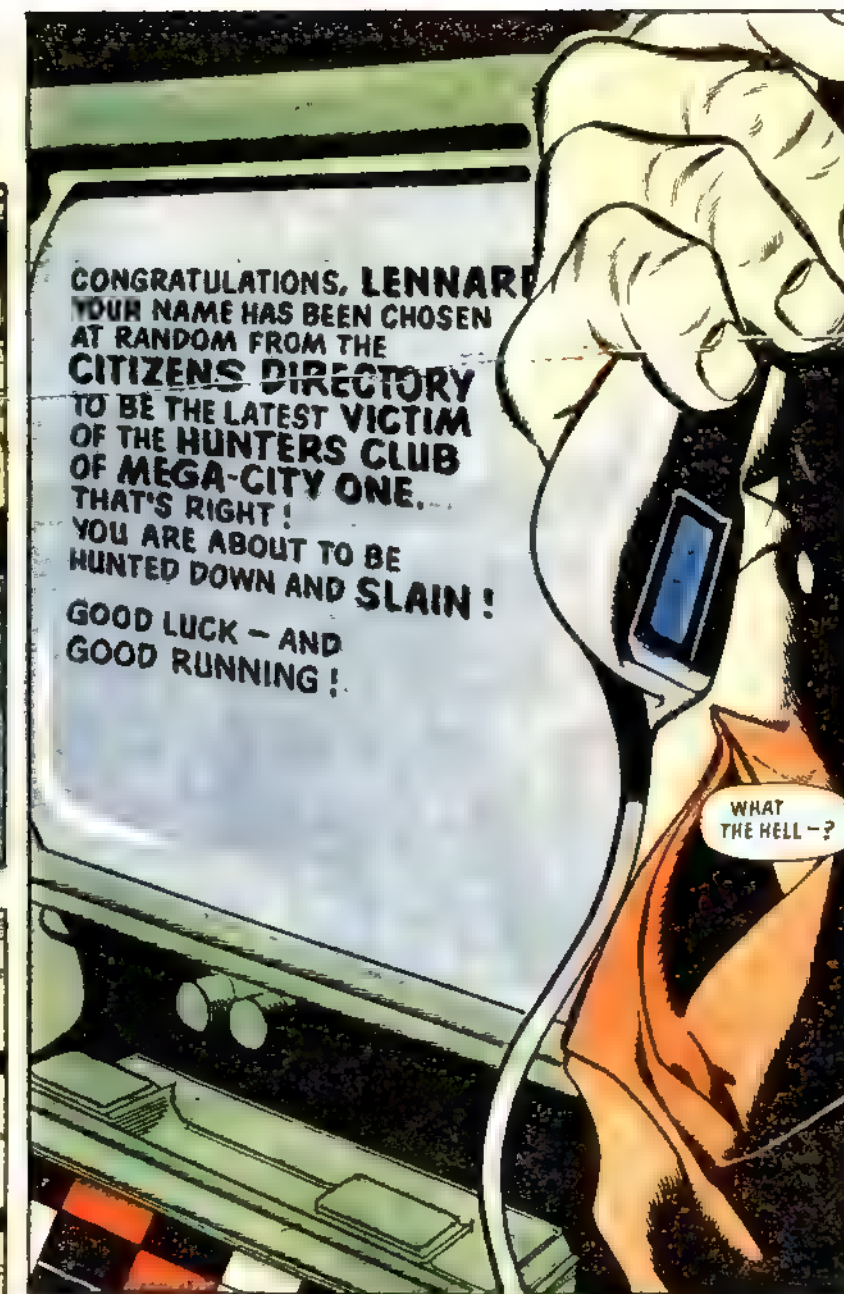
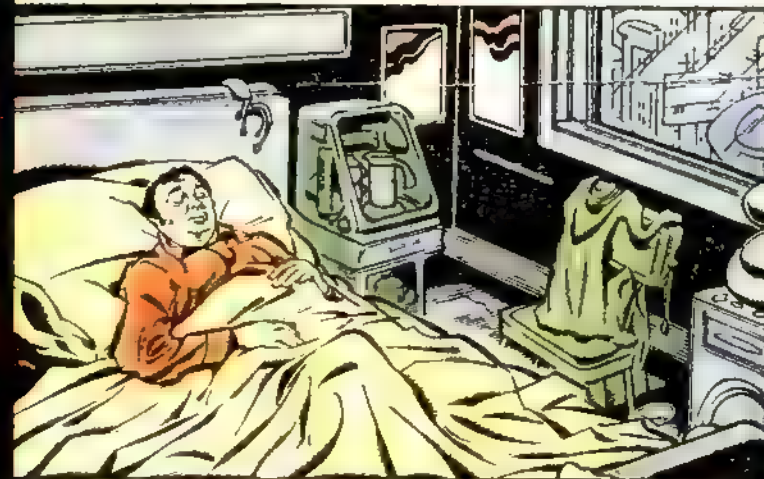


EACH EARTHLET FEATURED HERE WINS £5!

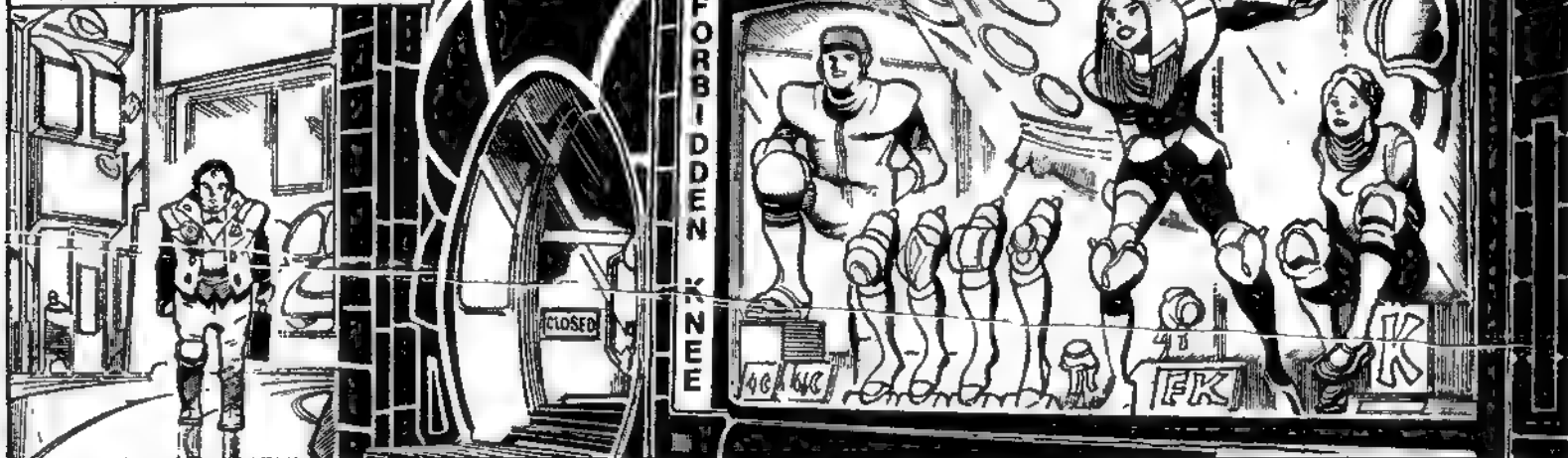
THE HUNTERS CLUB

PART ONE

THIS IS CITIZEN LENNARD J. STIBBLE. 43, HAPPILY SINGLE, PROPRIETOR OF A SMALL BUT GROWING SECTOR 101 RETAIL FRANCHISE. IN THE WORLD OF FASHION KNEEPADS, A MAN DESTINED TO SUCCEED. . .



23 MINUTES LATER, LENNARD J. STIOBLE
ARRIVES AT HIS SHOPETTE...



...WHERE IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL -



OH, SIR! THESE PADS
ARE SO RIGHT!
SO...VOUS!

THEY FEEL A
LITTLE LOOSE,
ACTUALLY.

THEY'RE FULLY ADJUSTABLE, SIR.
THERE - HOW'S THAT?

MUCH BETTER, THANKS.

GOOD! I'LL WRAP THEM UP!



AND YET, AS THE MORNING PASSES, THERE LINGERS THAT
NAGGING, NIGGLING FEAR AT THE BACK OF HIS SHREWD
BUSINESS MIND -



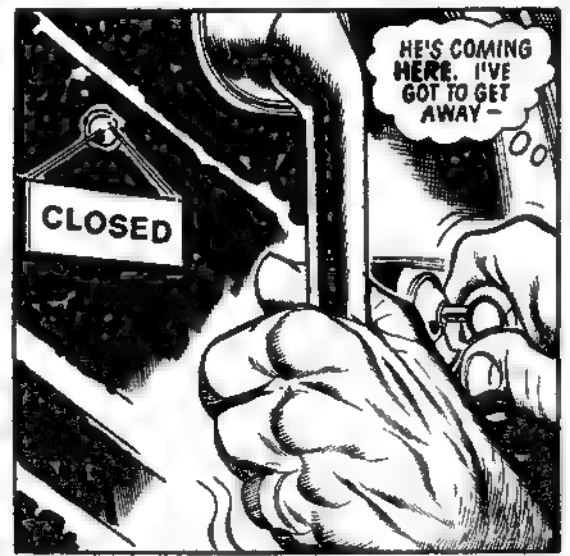
BLAST! I COULD'VE SOLD
THAT DUMBO A PAIR OF
LAST YEAR'S REJECTS!
I MUST BE LOSING
MY TOUCH.

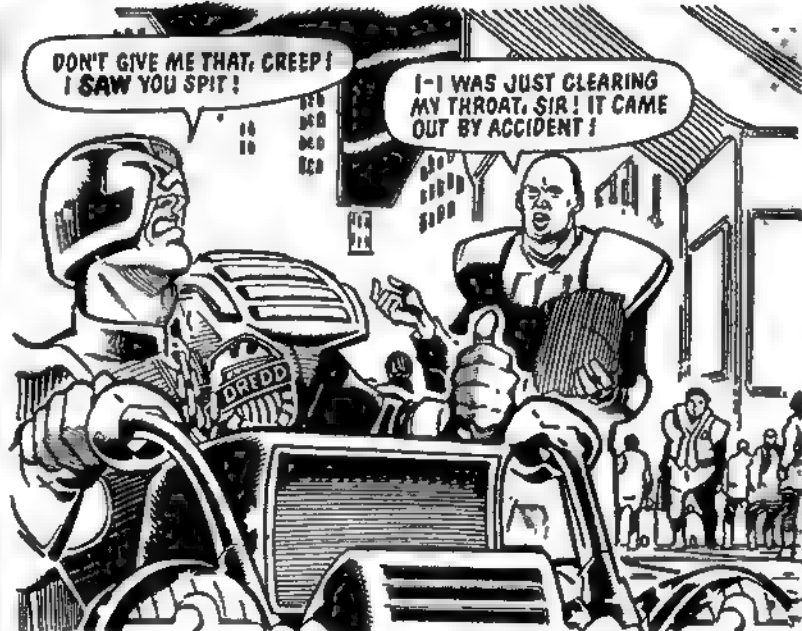


IT'S THAT DAMNED VID-CALL!
IT'S PUTTING ME RIGHT OFF!
I'VE GOT TO GET IT OUT OF
MY MIND!

WAIT-A-MINUTE!
ME - KILLED?
THE VERY IDEA!









**BATTLE
ACTION FORCE**

**BLOCKBUSTING
10TH BIRTHDAY
ISSUE NEXT
WEEK!**

**NEW
STORY**



The Baroness



**NEW
STORY**



**ON SALE
THURSDAY
7th MARCH
24p**

**ALSO PART ONE
OF A FANTASTIC
BOOKLET**

**ORDER YOUR COPY OF BATTLE
ACTION FORCE NOW!**





THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

THE WORLD
EXTRA!
EXTRA!

J.B. ROPEY, THE COMPUTER MEGA-GENIUS OF HIS DAY, ENTERS HIS OFFICE AT STARFALL MICROS UNLIMITED...



MORNING, BAGLEY.
LIKE THE TIE!

MORNING, J.B.-
SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT
YOUR DEATH.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT BOBBY
A. MILLMAN
ART BOBBY
CANNADAY
LETTERS BOBBY
"KID" ROASON
COMPU-73c



M-MY DEATH?

SURE THING! HAVEN'T YOU READ
THIS MORNING'S PAPER?



WORLD
J.B. ROPEY WILL
PERISH TODAY
AT 10 A.M. IN
PILE-UP ON
THE NEW
COVENTRY
BREEWAY

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER
IN THE YEAR 2984.
THE WORLD IS CON-
TROLLED BY A COMPU-
TER. BUT IT DOESN'T
REPORT WHAT HAP-
PENED YESTERDAY...

IT REPORTS WHAT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN TODAY!



B-BUT I CAN'T
DIE! THE PAPER
MUST HAVE GOT
IT WRONG!

RIDICULOUS! THE
WORLD IS
INFAILLIBLE!

J.B. ROPEY, HOWEVER, ISN'T THE KIND OF MAN
TO TAKE HIS DEATH LYING DOWN - AND SO...



THANKS FOR
COMING, BOYS.
I NEED YOUR
HELP -

I'M GOING
TO FIGHT THAT
DAMN NEWS-
PAPER!

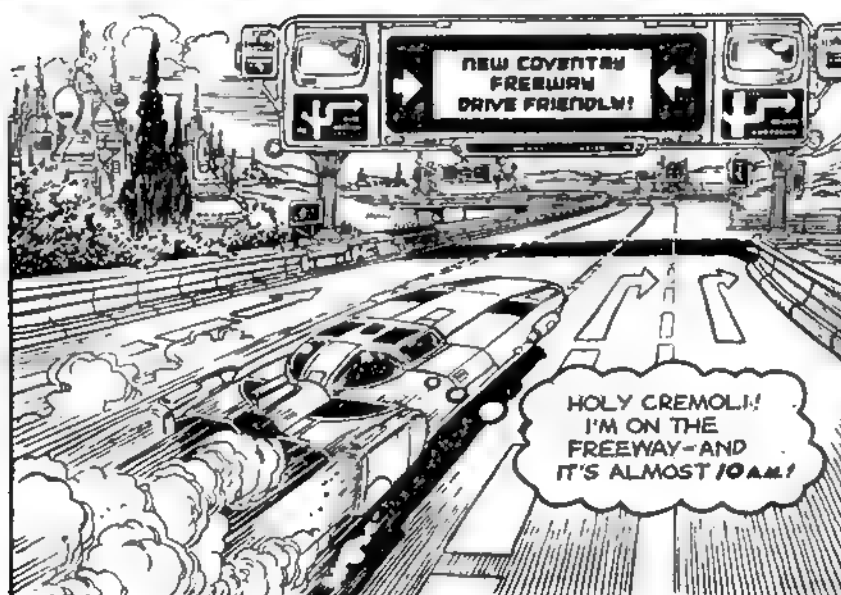
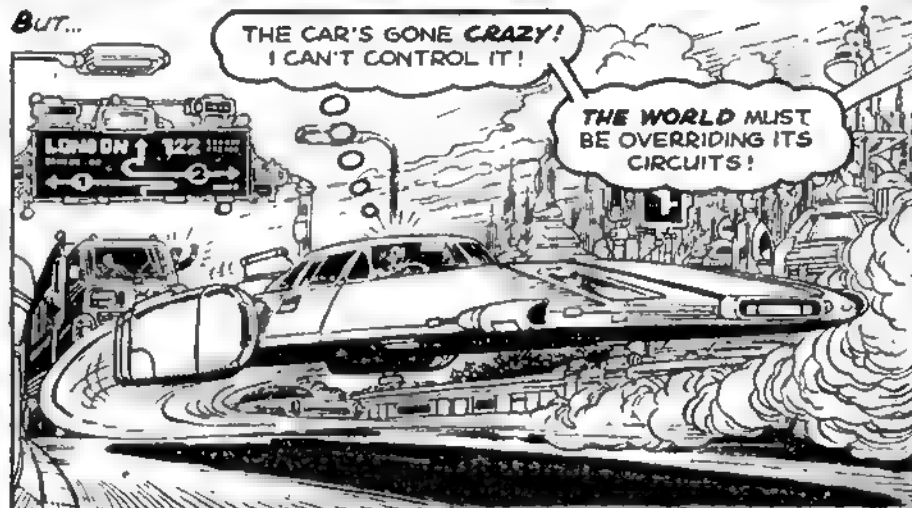
BUT IT'S PRINTED
BY THE MOST
POWERFUL COM-
PUTER EVER
BUILT! IT'S GOT
NEWSARMS
EVERYWHERE!

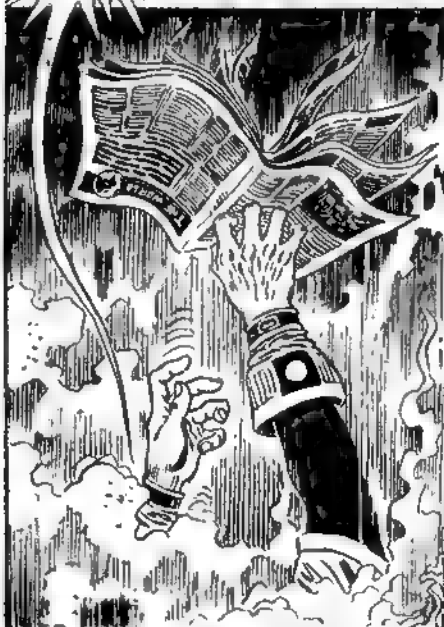
HE'S RIGHT, J.B. - THE WORLD
CONTROLS THIS WHOLE PLANET!

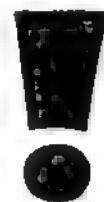
BUT I CAN DO
ANYTHING
WITH COM-
PUTERS -
INCLUDING
THIS ONE!
AND THE
WORLD
KNOWS
I CAN...



THAT'S WHY
IT WANTS
TO KILL ME!







THE END

BETTER TO DIE IN HELL THAN
LIVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

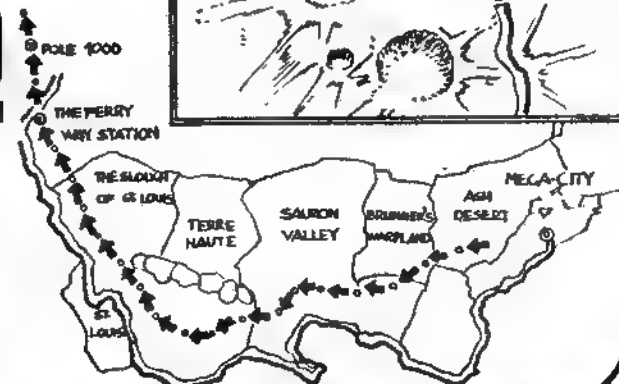
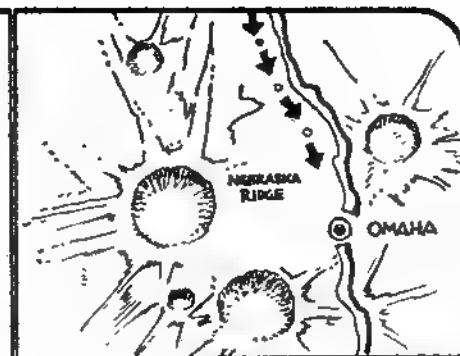
THE HELL TREKKERS

FROM THE LOG
OF TREKMASTER
LUCAS RUDD—

DAY 9
We camped for the night
on a bluff on the edge of
our next great obstacle,
the NEBRASKA RIFT. There
we finally laid to rest
poor ESME DOING...

GOD HAVE
MERCY ON
YOUR SOUL.

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT: ROBOT
S. MARTIN CANDOR
ART: ROBOT
VALIA
LETTERING: ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU-73e





We watched her body sink in the lava stream, a grim reminder of the perils we will face tomorrow.



NASTIEST-LOOKING COUNTRY I'VE EVER SEEN. W-WILL WE MAKE IT THROUGH, LUCAS?

WHO KNOWS, AMBER? IT'S TOO LATE TO QUIT NOW. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GIVE IT OUR BEST SHOT...



...AND TAKE WHAT COMES.



LUCAS, ME AND GREG AND SALLY BOB WERE WONDERING IF WE COULD HAVE ESME'S WAGON... I MEAN, LIKE, SHE DOESN'T NEED IT.

MIND IF I ASK WHY?



GUP APPEARED TO SALLY BOB IN A VISION, MAN. HE LAID IT RIGHT ON HER—SAID US THREE GOTTA SPLIT FROM THE COMMUNE.

NO WAY, DERY! ONE TRIBE WILL SURVIVE THAT'S GUP'S LAW!

TELL THEM THIS JUST AIN'T COOL, LUCAS BABY!



LOOK, I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED IN ANY DIVINE DISPUTES. YOU WANT THE WAGON, TAKE IT. YOU DON'T TOUCH IT.



YOU'RE GONNA REGRET THIS, SALLY BOB! GUP'S GONNA PUT THE MEX ON YOU!

FLAKE OFF, STYRENE!



I looked in on Weena Scargille...

HOW IS SHE, KRYSTAL?

THE BOYS ARE WEeping NOW.





NEXT PROG

ZARJAZ ROGUE TROOPER SPECTRUM -SCAN

G.I. BLUES...AND YELLOWS,
AND REDS, AND GREENS,
AND PURPLES, AND
BROWNS, AND PINKS.....



2000 AD: BRINGING COLOUR TO THE COSMOS!

VID SCREEN

ON

OFF

VOL

YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

NEED YOUR HELP, EARTHLETS! THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT THRILL-SUCKER INFESTATION IS REGULAR JOLTS OF THRILL-POWER, AND THAT MEANS A WEEKLY ORDER FOR 2000 AD. FILL IN THE COUPON TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND THEN GIVE THE SPARE COUPON TO A FRIEND. REMEMBER, EARTHLETS — YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!



RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

TROUBLE, CITIZEN?

DON'T BE
AFRAID



JUSTICE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

THIS REASSURING VID-SCAN
IS ISSUED BY JUSTICE DEPT.
IN THE CAUSE OF LAW
AND ORDER. ORDNANCE
B/5436278.

92 clip gas



I WARNED
YOU, CREEP!
IT'S A CRIME
TO SCAN
2000AD!

2000AD
Credit Card:
WE JOURNAL ABOUT
SCANDY
COMPU 73c